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## THE STAR.

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BY M. S. WARD,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### The Law of Newspapers.

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3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office to which they are directed, makes it a criminal offense.

### Men and Things of the Past.

JOHN BARNEY'S ANECDOTE OF DR. MARSHAL'S PUBLIC MEN.

The venerable, yet vigorous Hon. John Barney, of Baltimore, has in press a very quaint "Sketch Book," which is likely to refresh the American mind, in both political and social reminiscences. The following chapter will be read with interest:

Aaron Burr—*How he Presided in the Senate.*

In 1803, I witnessed the dignity, impartiality and winning grace with which Aaron Burr presided in the Senate of the United States, during the trial of Judge Chase, impeached for partiality and injustice towards John Fries, indicted under the Alien and Sedition Law.

### His Trial at Richmond.

I attended his trial at Richmond, when he himself was indicted for treason. His prominent counsellor was Luther Martin of Baltimore—my father's lawyer, neighbor and friend.

His daughter, Maria, afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Richard Hayward Keene, invited my sister and self to Col. Burr. He was then living in house standing alone, around which was a patrol of guards.

The dinner was superb, abounding in all the luxuries which Virginia's generous soil yields in lavish abundance. Twenty ladies and gentlemen of rank, fortune and fashion, graced the festive board.

### He was esteemed a persecuted martyr.

Distress, in any form and shape, makes an irresistible appeal to women's sympathy; her tears often flow for the suffering of the criminal who expiates his crime on the gibbet.

### Lobbying—and Matthew L. Davis.

Lobbying (now an anomaly) was in full force those days. Several important bills had passed the New York Legislature, and some were so uncharitable as to institute that improper means had been resorted to, and my friend Davis was accused in being engaged in bringing about this successful issue.

A lady of rank and fashion condoned (and ladies rarely condone) to mingle in anything out of their appropriate sphere—the limits of the domestic circle) to say many hard things about my friend Davis. In one instance she went so far as to insinuate she could easily see him hung.

Davis went to her door, rang the bell, sent his name up, and was promptly answered that she was not and never would be at home to Mr. Davis.

"Pray ask her," said he, "if she has heard from her husband at Niagara." He was forthwith invited up stairs. The lady entered in trepidation and alarm. "Has any calamity happened my beloved husband?" "This will explain it all," said Davis, at the same time handing her a letter in her own chirography, addressed to Col. Aaron Burr. "Cloud heavens, sir," said she, "to what purpose is this letter destined?" "To remain in your possession, Madame, to be disposed of by you at your own pleasure." "My kind friend," exclaimed she, "how can I ever repay such an act of unparalleled magnanimity!" "Ever afterwards," said Davis, "she almost broke her neck in extending her head out of the carriage window to greet me as she passed."

### Burr in Distress.

Subsequently comes poor Burr to distinction in Paris, where he supports himself for months by the sale of his watch, his trinkets, his clothing, and was finally induced to make minute calculation of the minimum food indispensable to sustain life, ascertaining by chemical experiment that the saccharine of sugar yielded more nutriment at less price than any other substance. Coffee however, but only half burnt, lasted longer, and was the cheapest stimulant, that could sustain me an exhausted frame.

### Was Burr a Traitor?

I shall give a full history of the rise, progress and decline of this evidently bad man—a scold—partisan—traitor. Perhaps the latter is a harsh word.—"Aeronaut" was not quite so much the order of the day as now—it was premature then to take possession of Texas.

The poor was not ripe—his treason consisted in plotting the annexation of Louisiana to Texas, where he might rule of Presidents of the little confederacy.

His horizon will include hereafter within its radius Mexico, and we are now hurriedly carrying out his designs.

### Trust to Miss Hale.

The next day, strolling down market street, arm in arm with my persecuted friend, Mr. Hughes overtook us. "Colonel," goes right along without looking down—Fountain Inn is surrounded by groups of your admiring friends. Thus, Frailey is out of uniform to-day, but there is a general desire manifested to give you a warm reception to citizen's honors. You must take your departure without further military or civil honours being bestowed upon you." With his accustomed courtesy of action, and good judgment, the Colonel called a hasty conference with his friends, and jumped into it.

### Poets.

Poets were never greatly renowned for worldly wisdom—they were never celebrated for providing against a rainy day. They sing merrily, but forget that singing does not fill the stomach. They are the children of Providence, in so far as they take no thought of to-morrow. They ignore Mill and political economy; checker and the rules of arithmetic. They cannot cast up their baker's bill, or give accurate change out of a crown piece. They don't in general know when they are cheated and they don't know how to cheat. Unless he is uncommonly wide awake, you may pass off a gilt button upon the man of metres as readily as you would a genuine coin from the mint. He never knows the price of bread, or whether stocks are rising or falling. The par of exchange is a mystery to him. In himself he is a social problem. One does not know always where to find him, where to look for him.

The moon with her mutations, libations, her fits and starts, her behind-times, and before-times, does not present a greater difficulty to the practical astronomer than does the poet—the genuine poet to the practical man.—He is abnormal—erratic. To-day he procrastinates; to-morrow he starts ahead like a rocket. He is a puzzle to both debtor and creditor; to-day profuse, to-morrow seedy as the yellowish cucumber. The word of it you cannot quarrel with him. You may say severe things to him, may shake an ominous fist in his face; and he only smiles. For the life of you cannot break his head. That would be rank treason against genius. He pulls out his pocket and shows its empty condition; he lays bare his heart and shows its riches. What use in taking out a writ against this man? A jury would never give verdict against him. How could they? As well a verdict against a sneaking child. Your true poet is a man to be fleeced spoliated; to have his teeth extracted, as we were wont to serve the Jews; but with this difference that he submits to every painful process without exactly knowing why he should be victim.—[London Literary Journal.]

### Great Pedestrian Feat.

Punch's sporting correspondent has furnished that harmonious sheet with the following:

Paddy Hoof, the celebrated pedestrian, but better known at Lord's and the various common in the neighborhood of London, as the "Amurmann Antelope," is still carrying off his Herculean feat of walking round a lady in full dress one hundred times in one hundred consecutive days. He is now in his second week, and looks as fresh as when he first started.

There are bets to a considerable amount that Paddy will never be able to complete his arduous undertaking. What makes it all the more difficult is the fact that a fresh lady is substituted every day. It has been observed that the dresses of these various ladies, instead of decreasing, are actually getting bigger almost every week. What the size, therefore, will be before the nineteenth, much less the one hundredth day is complicated, the most classic imagination says, like an overstretched piece of India rubber, in its vain efforts to comprehend. It is also feared that there will be no open space large enough in the vicinity of the metropolis to admit of its fullest dimensions, being fairly tried. In the meantime, however, Paddy displays uncommon pluck. His unwilling good humor and cheerfulness under his trying labors, such as would exhaust the oldest and worst paid portion of Mr. Martin's laundry, wins smiles of approval even from his fiercest opponents.

We wish the brave fellow every success, and shall from week to week, make a point, or several points rather, of recording the onward march of his well-tried hero.

### Public Schools—The Press.

Anaxagoras, who was honored in Greece with the title of "Miau" lived in great poverty, notwithstanding the opulence, of some of his scholars. Their proficiency in Philosophy could not have been great unless it far surpassed their sense of gratitude and justice. When almost in a state of starvation, he was visited by Pericles, who was one of his pupils, and the first and greatest orator of Athens. Upon Pericles' lamenting the great loss which the country would sustain by his death, Anaxagoras replied that those who wished to have the use of a lamp should supply it with oil. Pericles, reflecting upon his circumstances and condition, and his own ingratitude had a sum of money secretly placed under his bolster. Greece was a popular government, and notwithstanding their great professions of love for Philosophy, they had as little regard for it as some in modern times who are loud in their praise of our system of Public Schools, and the influence of the Press, (and yet complain on account of the high tax paying for the former, and grumble about paying for the latter,) have for these institutions.—The consequence to Greece of not supporting the teachers of Philosophy, was that it was confident to a very few, and gradually dwindled down to nothing. The same cause will produce like effects in any country. If we would have the lamp of the Public School to continue burning it must be supplied liberally with oil. If we would have the Press to continue shedding its light over the land, it must be supplied with oil to keep it in good running order.

GAVL AND SAXON.—A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite; and Englishman seems to regret the trouble that it costs him.

An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sulky or impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems to strengthen his habit. His back is India Rubber, his hands confection, his hat-horn metallic, and never looks the worse from constant handling. His courtesy at the first meeting, does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold, cautious hand of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip around the corner, and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at the "cafe" door in hope of meeting a friend.

An absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said:

"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?"

"Give her," replied the editor, looking up vacantly; "oh, I'll give her a pig."

"Take her," replied the old man.

### A Temperance Story.

Deacon Johnston is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some shelves to his parlor and in repairing the corner near the fire place, it was found necessary to relieve the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished every body. A brace of dentists, a tumbler, and a pitcher were easily rupturing there, as if they had stood there from the beginning. The dentist was astonished, and as he held the blushing bosom, he exclaimed:

"We'll I declare, that is curious, very enough. It must be that old Deacon has these things stored away when he went out of the 'ole house, thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," remarked the carpenter; "but where have been his money laid to stay so all this time?"

It afterwards appeared that there was a secret room in the basement of the old house.

### Uncle Sam's Farm.

Two centuries ago Uncle Sam was an infant, and his present farm was the red man's wild. The Indian was no farmer. He left the soil unturned the trees to grow as they pleased, the useful metals unburied in their beds. His house was of poles, covered with the skin of beasts. He made no roads, no vehicles, no boat but a hollow log. He stole his clothes from the animals, or went naked. The plumes of birds, beads of bone shells, the schoolboy's paintstone, were his ornaments. The cane and flint furnished him arrows. His pipe was a stone with a hole in it; his knife a stone sharpened; his grain mill two stones; the rudest thing that could be called a mortar.

Uncle Sam's first crops were enriched with his own and Indian and British blood. Then he began to tear down his old log barn and build better, to open roads, cut canals improve harbors, take snags from the rivers and cover with a network of railroads.

Uncle Sam snaps his thumb and finger and elbow spring up like the creations of magic; he blocks, cuts a State and sees a building more glorious than the full blossoming of an ancient empire. With his two iron rails his horsetail steam horses, and his great train of wagons, he outstrips the swift winds and makes the oaks prick up their ears or move off with fright. The streams are burst with noisy mill gear; the rivers filled with proud steamers; ships, whose tonnage is greater than that of old John Bull, roar however with their white wings about the seaports and lay their huge hulls along the wharves of Uncle Sam. There are thick-walled wealth in the cities, industry and enterprise everywhere.

Whilst more than three thousand church spires speak of Uncle Sam's Sabbath propensities, two hundred and thirty-four colleges, with numerous and common schools more abundant, tell of his wisdom and expectations in respect to the rising generation.

Look up your hand, Uncle Sam, and let us see the color of your eye, while we tell you that you have the best and largest farm on this earth! There is a line, 'on the top of the plain,' crisscross between two great oceans with nearly thirty thousand miles of sea coast, intersected with great harbors and grand inlets. Hence it is an ill trade wind that can blow you no commercial gains. Riches or gold come the tools of the work to enhance civilization. Your labor shall contribute more to interest than all the grandeur of ancient Greece. The products of your farm will add a hundred millions to the population of the globe. You will move more rapidly, more surely, and with more energy than any nation that ever existed, and your agricultural products will be sold in every part of the world, you will be the chief factor in the world's commerce.

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